

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*Who dares assert the 'I'  
May calmly wait  
While hurrying fate*

*Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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## EVOLUTION.

### Continuation of Mr. Post's First Lecture.

Charles Darwin, with whose name the theory of evolution is indelibly linked, is called the discoverer of the law of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest.

By this expression, "survival of the fittest," is not to be understood the survival, under all circumstances, of that particular person or thing, which from a moral, or ethical, or even an economic standpoint might appear to be the best, but that those forms both of animate and inanimate life survive, propagate and increase in numbers which are best fitted to their surroundings, while those less fitted or less capable of adapting themselves to their surroundings perish.

This, of itself, will not now appear to any one to have been a very wonderful discovery. It is what every one must recognize as the result of the law, who gives a moment's thought to the matter, the proof of which can be found in every man's door yard. There are certain weeds and wild grasses that persist in springing up, and that flourish in spite of efforts to eradicate them, while the grasses that are desired incline to dwindle away, and unless care is given and conditions changed by the application of fertilizers, and of moisture by artificial means, will disappear entirely, while the wild growths will usurp and occupy the ground.

It was not the simple statement of the discovery or existence of this law, however, that brought upon Darwin the bitter attacks with which the announcement of the discovery was met, but the conclusion which he drew from it; the conclusion that all things that are are the result of growth, evolution, and not direct creations as theology had taught, and as the world of mankind had believed.

Without attempting to account for "the beginning" he asserted the sufficiency of the law of natural selection, modified by that of heredity, and the seemingly opposing, but in reality, harmonious one of differentiation, to account for every existing form of life, or of the development through the lower order of man from the self-existent atom.

Let us for the time being skip the numbered centuries which must have intervened between the time when the earth first became capable of sustaining any form of animated life, and the appearance of the lowest intelligence to which we can give the name of man, and follow him in his slow progress toward civilization and the present hour. If we find that his progress has been in harmony with this law of the survival of the fittest,

this law of natural selection, it will still be possible to go back and again pick up the thread at the point at which we now start with it, in an effort to trace the genealogy of man from the lowest to his present stage, and work backward as we now propose to work forward from that point. In other words, the law by which man has evolved from the cave dweller ought to be capable also of bridging that one step, which upon his lowest plane distinguishes him from the brute, and making complete the survey of the entire route by which man has come, from his conception in the infinite up to his present high state of development.

Let us, then, picture to ourselves man, the brute, an animal having the form of man, capable of reasoning in some slight degree, a creature a little higher than the ape or the dog, a little lower than the bushman of Australia or the lowest of the African tribes; let us suppose that as yet there is, with the lowest of these beings, whom we will still call "human," no recognition of what we call affection between the sexes. Brute passion, necessary to the propagation of the species exists, but it exhibits itself wholly upon the animal plane; and while the woman acknowledges no affection for her mate, he on his part secures possession of her by force, and retains it, though not, perhaps, without willingness on her part, by being ready at all times to engage in mortal combat with any who seek to take her from him. A step further back, and we should find the male and female associating together as man and wife only at certain periods, or seasons of the year, just as other animals mate, in spring or fall.

Now, however, we are supposing the family relation to have become established, and in some degree permanently—the man, the principal provider, the woman remaining more generally in charge of the offspring and of whatever temporary home they may possess. They are as yet nomads, wandering from place to place, dwellers in caves, both because of the shelter which such openings in the rocks afford, and because of the better opportunity which such places offer for defence against enemies, either of their own kind or among the beasts with which forest and plane alike abound. The inventive genius has not yet been aroused, and they are without weapons of offence or defence, save such as nature has supplied, such as the beasts possess in greater perfection. They lack the speed and the muscular strength of these, the tough hide which resists injury, equally with the claws to inflict injury upon their enemies. In so far as physical endowments go, they are less fitted to survive than are many animals lower in the scale of intelligence, and unless they can shape them,

selves to their environments or their environments to their needs they must, if the law of the survival of the fittest really exists, perish from off the face of the earth.

But the struggle for life is no longer to be waged upon the purely physical plane. Intelligence, the power to reason, to compare, to plan, to invent, has taken its seat in the brain of man. The cunning of the brute which enables it to surprise its prey is surpassed by the cunning of the man, backed by his powers of observation and memory. Less swift of foot and unable to overcome in a test of physical strength with the beast, upon which he would feed, or which seeks to feed upon him, he has learned to dig pits and to skillfully conceal them from the eyes of the animals that walk the forest trail by night; and has invented snares for the smaller animals.

He has observed, too, the recurrent changes of the seasons, and has learned to provide in some measure against the heat of summer and the cold of the winter. He cannot live in water but if the floods come he has learned the trick of balancing himself upon some floating log and of propelling it to a place of safety. By this knowledge and by all these acquirements he is fitter to survive than are many of the animals by which he is surrounded; and it is because of such fitness that he has survived, while many of the lower orders that existed contemporarily with him have passed out of existence, and are only known to have ever existed by the discovery of their remains, in the shape of petrifications or of skeletons preserved by exclusion of the air, through some cataclysm of nature by which they became buried beneath the earth, there to remain through thousands of years, until exhumed by accident or the shape of some searcher into the annals of the past.

As human interests intensify and the love of offspring increases, the man and woman now become constant companions, and something like social life is established. This state is intensified by climatic and other conditions and by the growing desire to take thought for the future of those for whom constant association is beginning to develop affection. The cave man slowly but surely widens the gap between himself and the brutes.

From the blow received from the bended limb of a tree the idea of the bow and arrow has come to him; the spear from a stick accidentally charred to a point and used to thrust with in a moment of sudden attack by an enemy. Each advance in knowledge gives additional power, makes man more fit to survive amidst the conditions by which he is surrounded. This not only of man as a race in comparison, and in his contest with, the forces of nature and with savage animals, but of the individual man in his contests with those of his own species.

He who first invented, and used the bow or sling, evidently had the advantage over his fellow, who knew only how to throw a club or stone from the hand unassisted by any implement. Not only did the man with the bow or sling have an advantage in a personal contest over the man with the club, but in the pursuit and taking of game; an advantage which in cases of scarcity might well decide the question of which should survive and which perish. By the law of heredity, too, the law by which not only bodily form, but peculiarities of character, disposition and inclinations are transmitted from parent to offspring—by this law of heredity, the

children of the more intelligent among the cave men would be likely to be better fitted to survive than those of the less intelligent, less thoughtful and inventive; and, further, would profit by inheriting in some slight degree the increase of mental power in their parents due to observation and experience.

Slowly but surely the trend would be upward. Generation after generation, and yet again other generations of cave men and women lived lives that were little above the brutes; but then came a time when a contrast between the cave man of that day, and the cave man of a long previous day, showed an advance; progress. Some one among them had invented an axe of stone, and hewed it with a withe; rough at first and then ground to something like an edge by rubbing it against a stone of coarser grain. Another, observing that a persimmon or other fruit-bearing tree, which stood in the open, bore better fruit, and more abundantly than those surrounded by thick growths of other trees—beat down the growth about other fruit-bearing trees with his stone axe, and was pleased and encouraged at the result shown in an increase of his food supplies. Again, one noticed how the wild rice along the creek banks grew tallest, and with heavier grains where the wild hogs had rooted up the ground in their search for food, and again he took the hint, and with a sharpened stick, tore up the ground, —or made his wife do it, and sowed rice. The cave man had developed into a husbandman.

But now he must remain upon the spot where he had planted his grain, at least, until it ripened; otherwise the wild beasts would consume it. And he built a hut and moved in—the world's first homesteader, first citizen—had arrived. The hut was only a hut, and there was no furniture save a bed of skins and dried grass, but it was a great advance over the cave, for it was the creation of hands and brain, and it marked an epoch in the history of the race. Not only was it the result of human skill and labor, but it was a home; something to which a feeling of ownership attached itself; something to aid in developing still further the feeling of domesticity and settled life, which distinguishes the citizen from the tramp.

The citizen of whom I speak may have learned ere this (if not he learned it later) to work the metals; crudely at first; more skillfully later on. How did he learn? Slowly and painfully; the start due to some accidental discovery which placed him in a position of advantage over other individuals. Shaping a stone axe, the sparks which flew from the contact of one stone upon another set fire to the dried grass, and consumed his hut. He thought it some demon that had suddenly sprang from the ground, and fled in terror, but when he found it did not pursue, curiosity prompted his return on the morrow, and amidst the dead embers of his hut he found a new kind of stone that the god had left; for seeing that this new kind of stone ore, fused by the fire, was much superior as a cutting implement to that he had been using, he now considered fire a god instead of a demon; a friend instead of an enemy, and called it into life purposely, though with fear and trembling still, as not entirely certain of its character or intentions.

Or possibly fire was first obtained from volcanoes, and its uses learned from observation slightly different from that above suggested.

I am not giving actual data as to time or manner of



happenings, I am only showing how knowledge and, with knowledge, progress might have come; how, under the workings of the law of natural selection, it was possible for the cave man and woman to evolve into the man and woman of to-day. *Proof* that it was in just some such way as I have suggested will be given in the lectures which are to follow.

### IMAGINATION AND DISEASE.

In "A Journalist's Note Book" Frank F. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs, and then said gravely: "I will write you to-morrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognosis—nothing less than a death-warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his respiration, and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor. "There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday."

"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient.

"Your heart!" repeated the doctor. "Your heart was all right yesterday."

"My lungs, then."

"What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."

"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills, and you would be all right."

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes, and gave it to the doctor.

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the letters."

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health.

[If you are uneasy about your condition, and can't master your uneasiness, write to some first-class mind healer, and get the word spoken that will bring your vibrations into harmony with the Law of Universal Life. It can be done; and the result will be perfect health and peace.—H. W.]

### HOME HEALING.

*Send and get my pamphlet on this subject. Ask for The Mind Cure Pamphlet; it will cost you nothing; ask for several copies if you have friends to whom you could give them. There is wisdom in this pamphlet; and many powerful proofs of the ability of the mind to control every form of disease and weakness. It will do you good simply to read it. It will give you strength and encouragement. Address Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.*

### WHY HAVE ENEMIES?

The new thought has freed me from all my personal enemies. They have disappeared. I no longer have any. I have found that no one may be my enemy without my consent, and that hate can only flourish in its own atmosphere. No unkind thought can reach me unless I generate within myself a corresponding vibration, and I am no longer conscious of a single thought of ill will.

Why should I deem any one my enemy? All is mind. No one can harm me except through my mentality, and that is completely subject to my own control. If I accept what it is in my power to refuse, why should I blame another? Would it be wise to do so? It can do me no possible good to injure another. Nor is it a pleasure to hate or harm. It does not bring peace or happiness or contentment. It does not produce a single sensation of delight. On the contrary, it means contraction, disease and dissolution.

The vibrations of hate that I generate for the purpose of injuring another must, in their nature, first exert their full influence on me. They will injure me exactly as would similar vibrations transmitted from another, and received by me.

In order to intentionally harm another I must first set in motion the thought of hate. I must generate poisonous thought vibrations, and put myself under their direction. When I send out thoughts of hate I do not rid myself of them. On the contrary, I make of myself a hate magnet, and the more I send out, the more intense do my vibrations of hate become. Their exercise simply strengthens the vibratory muscles of hate. Nor can I send to another as much hate as I generate, or do as much harm to another as to myself.

As I send out the poisonous exhalations of hate, I clothe myself with a venomous thought atmosphere, put myself in accord with other similar vibrations, and create for them a centre of attraction. And irrespective of the harm my thought may inflict on others, it must of necessity return to me, freighted with vibrations that will intensify the self-destructive conditions I have created.

The new thought has taught me my power and strength. I know that I cannot be harmed by others, so I have no reason to fear or hate them. I have learned that I can command my own life, and that my first duty is to myself; and as I cannot evade the responsibility of living my own life, I may not permit others to dominate it.

The thought of hate deprives me of power, contracts my sympathies and sphere of influence, attracts to me similar thought currents of hate, and puts my life under the control of others. Self-preservation and self-esteem therefore, do not permit me to think unkindly of others, or live on the plane of thought that will bring to me their unkind thought. When I hate I take my own life in my hands, and when I make another my enemy, I, of necessity, make of myself a greater enemy.

While I turn on the current of hate I am cut off from the circuit of love, and the destructive vibrations of the one thwart the creative powers of the other. I have the ability to call up whatever thought vibrations I desire. I may make my life a joy and pleasure. Why, then, grasp at pain and sorrow? Why immolate myself?

EUGENE DEL MAR.

What are you going to do to help on with the College?

## IN THE VANGUARD.

FREDERICK W. BERRY.

Inequality is expressed throughout all the varied types of creation—no two creatures are exactly alike, and this unlikeness of form in nature produces that distinction, that concretion of being which we call individuality. At the heart or essence of all existence, there is, of course, but one life, but in expression there is an infinite variation, portraying or imaging the unlimited depths of being.

This universal inequality is in no way an unjust infringement on man's freedom; it is indeed the very keynote to his freedom; it is the stamp of nature's law of evolution. Man is his own creator. With all the essentials for unlimited development ever latent in his being, his nature transcending the realms of time and space—he may evolve out of the depths of his life, every conceivable desirable aspect of existence. The ego must work out its destiny, and thus earn all personal attainments.

We cannot help feeling, some of us, that we have in some way had personal existence before this life. Whatever experiences have been ours in previous lives, we are doubtless to-day expressing their results. This idea of pre-incarnation at least explains those natural individual tendencies which are born in us.

All experiences stamp the mind with character which the eons of time cannot extinguish. Transcending our memory, the subconscious mind of man treasures every experience, adding to the extension of the individual life. So our tendencies follow us from our birth—we follow in the track of our natural impulses and become creatures of habit.

The average man carries his habits with him from the cradle to the grave—not that he does not form new habits during his existence, but these are as a rule but the modification of his natural tendencies. He drifts along in the current of which he finds himself, ignorant of the cause of his being, and with no particular desire to be anything else but ignorant.

Many people declare it is the law of heredity that governs the life of each individual. But this is really a superficial interpretation of character—for the so-called "law of heredity" is but the activity of nature's law of attraction, which of course would cover the entrance of the soul into this world in any incarnation—all things naturally gravitate to a condition of likeness or harmony.

At any rate whether we accept the theory of reincarnation or not, we may at least be sure that the law of life is just, and that the birth of a genius or person of exceptional capabilities is no matter of chance, but controlled by infinite under-currents, which sooner or later we shall all comprehend.

While in a sense it may be correct to say that a "genius" is superior to the average man, we must always remember that nature's law of inequality only applies to the objective expression of life; in the depths of all things there is the same infinite life principle, with all potencies ever residing, waiting only for the recognition of the personal man, to come to the front and manifest themselves. At the centre of every man there is the same equal life.

But how few even desire to express in a large measure the infinite life of being! How few are even *will-*

*ing* to come to the front, to be in the vanguard of humanity's development! Nature is not unjust in stamping the faces of the multitude with mediocrity. Do they not place this expression on themselves, indeed, by their utter nonchalance in the things of real life?

Leaders, organizers, thinkers—these are truly world-creators. History is but the record of these individuals. The masses are passed over, as though they were but automata, machines—and too often they have been little else.

As a matter of fact, the teachings of the schools have tended to keep men in the narrow groove of being mere "followers," any definite, original step out of the ruts of custom has been considered either as a crime or the conduct of a madman. With what effort has evolution had to make its way during man's career; it has depended largely on the activities of a few revolutionary individuals, who led the people as a shepherd would so many sheep.

And these leaders have only accomplished part of the work of race emancipation. They have only been a few individuals, the forecast of a time to come when millions would likewise be in the lead.

To be led like slaves, to have thoughts already moulded complete, "inspired" by some specially gifted soul—this has been the only ideal which the people as a whole could grasp. To be ever lifted along the road in some way, and at last to have a place prepared for them in a mansion in the sky—O, lazy race of man!

Of course there is no one to blame. The people have simply been asleep. In this age an awakening of a new life is being felt throughout the world. The brains of men are becoming active. Men are now at last beginning to think for themselves.

With the birth of these new thoughts, there is, as might be expected, a reactionary tendency now, towards a multiplication of schools. So, everywhere around us we perceive an endless variety of leaders, truly—but too often they have become inflated with their new position, each wanting to assume an exclusive control, and be recognized as man's supreme divinely appointed teacher and leader.

But no man has any right to such authority. Each individual fills a unique place in the world—all men are equally necessary in the economy of creation. No one, living or dead, can be justly raised on a throne of authority, or be said to be superior to all other men. No one can be declared to be the "greatest."

History is marked by turning-points and epochs. In the different realms of life's activities, certain individuals have towered above their fellows, and given them the best results in their special line of art or science. They have, as it were, expressed the limit or "perfection" of some particular "school"—but these men are not the "greatest;" it is folly to merely take these masters as examples to imitate, to imagine that the dead men of the past have worked out life's varied problems, and all we have to do is to follow. The crown of such work of genius is the prophecy of a new birth, and immediately radiates, in its very splendor, a different and more extended scope of activity—a new school.

And all true geniuses have recognized this truth. They have all prophetically looked into the future and seen, as in a vision, a great extension of their work.



They have looked to their students to do even greater works.

Thus life is always growth. The acme of one thing is at once followed by a new conception, a new birth. The summit is only a consummating point of an arc that ever revolves in continual spiral ascensions.

All is infinite. Whatever life is, we are in it now. The future is involved in our beings now. It is to be born from our present Ideals. Time is only a condition of the infinite, recording in our personalities the creative experiences which the ego passes through. It is not so much a necessity, but a privilege, to hasten and step forward in the van of evolution.

And what privileges such a place in the foremost ranks shall bring to us! If many efforts are required on our part, to be placed in that position, the results are truly worthy of them all. To be a leader, to see the way before one, to be a master of life's forces!

Ah! how true it is that men shrink from this attitude of boldness. The opposite attitude of self-abasement is exalted as the virtue of virtues. To give all honor to another, to look up to some ideal hero and endeavor to emulate him, is declared to be the better way.

Surely the greatest honor would be not to copy him, but to tread as he had to do, a new path—for the world is ever needing new paths. Nothing is finished—*this* is the age of creation. The greatest act of homage would be such an emulation of a master that would extend even to the degree of similar *original* activity.

To be in the vanguard of humanity, is to act the loving part of companionship. No mere self-aggrandizement—for is it not the passion of a universal love that thus carries one to the front? O, love universal, that cannot be satisfied with less than a complete conscious immersion in all human hearts—an identification, a oneness, a true union with all things!

The future is the age of freedom, the age of conscious natural activity. As all things, from atoms to worlds, move by the exact and neverfailing law of attraction in their spheres of activity, so man, the king of creation, crowned with the glory of consciousness, is now to live and move in a kingdom of real life—the life of love, the realm of conscious attraction.

A leader is necessarily a broad individual. Has he not under his guidance an army composed of all sorts of people? He must learn to be all things to all men. His identification with others must extend even to the point of their little eccentricities and failings—he must be above being shocked or disgusted at anything. A leader of men is one who utters from the depths of a heart completely filled with love, the one eternal message of love, the insignia of all life—*all is good*.

Love is the consciousness of unity, the recognition of life, of goodness. In its extension it is an unspeakable submersion of the finite person in the whole universal creation—the recognition of the soul's, the body's, eternal contact with all things. Who shall place a line of demarcation around the personality of a man? I dare to say that the very personality of man is infinite, and immeasurable. The one is the all, the finite contains the infinite, the body enshrines the soul.

We are, then, never isolated. Every step the individual takes, means a step for the whole race. In proportion to our degree of love, will be our own special influence in the race's development and destiny.

How the life forces of man seek expression! In the

phenomena of will-power they press outward in an endeavor to manifest themselves in the object world. Man's conscious co-operation, his recognition, is alone needed for the more perfect manifestation of these energies which are infinite. Truly the personality of every man is a potential medium of all life's forces. Each one is a creator, an expressor, a giver of life.

So let us brace ourselves together, and march with firm tread into the front ranks of life, daring to aspire to all honors which the Ideal of man says may surely be his own. Let us enlarge our conception of self until we consciously embrace the universe, when we say "I."

We know now that even the perpetuation of our own existence rests on this expansion of consciousness. We feel that the time of our maturity has come, and we must assume the duties and privileges of our developed manhood—to command instead of to plead, to dictate the course of our future destiny, to be ever in the front with the sunshine, prophesying by our clearer vision, what the path before us contains for us. Every man who wishes, may now be a master. One cannot infringe on the attributes of another, for life is infinite.

To be in the vanguard, is not to encroach on the liberties of those who *choose* to keep in the rear—they are the infants of the race, and must for a while be led gently until they develop more courage. Even the most backward of them are progressing. The ages are long, indeed—all must eventually grow beyond the period of immaturity; all must sooner or later rise into the heights of genius.

Has the desire for this larger life been born in you? Then the time for a new life for you has arrived. Believe in your aspirations, trust in your own infinite life forces, dare to assert yourself, and you are at once a king with all power to rule in the realm of your varied experiences, a realm that you know interblends with all men, whose affairs are now consciously yours; and your affairs, though unrecognized by them, you know to be always theirs.

The vanguard is the place of power, peace, dominion, of love and life and unity supreme.

### HANDLING RATTLESNAKES.

Mr. C. A. Higgins in his book, "To California and Back," sent out by the Sante Fee Railroad Co., describes the Moki Pueblos—a race anomalous among North American nations.

The Pueblo Indian maintains his individuality, self-respecting and self-sufficient. His gods are innumerable, and he gives the rattlesnake a prominent place among them.

The Pueblo Indian's "snake dance" is a dramatized prayer for rain. In it rattlesnakes, alive, are employed as messengers to carry petitions to the gods, who are supposed to have power over the rain clouds. To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds. Yet it is positively known that they are, and that they are in no wise deprived of their natural power to do so.

Is not this the exercise of mind power which controls the rattlesnake?

VIRGINIA D. YOUNG.

# WHAT A BOSTONIAN THINKS OF SEA BREEZE.

Extract from a paper written and delivered by J. H. French at a banquet on ladies night of the Association of New England Railroad Superintendents in Boston:

At Jacksonville we passed from the Atlantic Coast Line and Plant System to the Florida East Coast Railway, and an hour carried us through St. Augustine, and two hours more brought us to Daytona, one hundred and ten miles south of Jacksonville, where I left the train. Any one who has studied the map of Florida will have observed that along the east coast for a couple hundred miles south from Ormond and to Palm Beach, there is a succession of rivers outside of, and parallel with, the mainland coast—the Halifax, Hillsboro and Indian Rivers, and ending with Lake Worth, all formed by an outer strip of sand thrown up by old ocean, and from a half mile wide, as at Daytona, to a mile or two wide at one or two more southern points, with frequent inlets broken in from the sea. From Daytona station, through Daytona village, across a three-quarters mile bridge over the Halifax River, and thence a half mile up to Sea Breeze or "City Beautiful," and we reached the Colonnades. A charming spot truly is the "City Beautiful," with its two hotels, the Colonnades on the Halifax River, or west side of the peninsula, and the Clarendon Inn a half mile therefrom upon the ocean side, with a pretty group of residences, stores, etc., between. It was my expectation to have made my stay at the Colonnades, but found it so full that rooms had to be obtained among the cottages. My brother and wife having rooms with Major Britton and lady, who were formerly Bostonians, I was fortunate enough to secure lodgings there also, and found them delightful people, who spared not a whit to make the stay most pleasurable. The first thing after the first meal was *what to do next*, for amusement follows eating, and I must needs learn what there was in that line.

I found that the country thereabout abounded with shell roads and bicycle paths, and that there was a beach of fine white sand, two hundred and fifty feet in width at low tide; and nearly twenty miles long; as level as a floor, and so hard that a carryall containing four persons, scarce left an imprint of its wheels upon the surface. And I found that good wheels were to be rented at a reasonable price, and I immediately chose a new rambler that just met my requirements. I also found that the Major's wife was a good wheelswoman and in the habit of riding considerably, that method being a favorite means of communication with the village across on the main shore. The Major being so much of a Bostonian as to entertain no objection to his wife's accompanying another Hub resident, I was at once provided with good company and a chaperone.

Now, as to the beach of which I have spoken; it is grand beyond description, with old ocean rolling in with clean sweep from Europe's distant shores, and a moonlight ride with the surf tumbling in with a roar on one hand, and the weird piles of loose sand thrown up on the other; it was simply immense. So smooth and even is the beach that "coasting" is a favorite form of wheeling. It may seem an exaggeration, but it is an actual fact that upon a day of heavy north east gale, during the winter of a year ago, a lady mounted her wheel at Sea Breeze, gave a few turns, put up her feet, and coasted to the "Inlet" twelve miles below! As the

inquiry may be made as to how she got back, I will say that it is a custom to ride to the "Inlet," cross to mainland per boat, and return by train. I rode up to Hotel Ormond (one of the East Coast Company's big hotels, five miles above Sea Breeze) and came down with the wind and was able to make half mile coasts, and I presume I might have done better had I carried the sail the ladies did, but unfortunately my trunk contained only male apparel.

Although I supposed myself unknown (except to the immediate circle at the Major's) I found, as the sequel will show, that I was not wholly so even in Florida, and I have the pleasure of informing another of our members that he, too, was not unknown there, and I hope the worthy Secretary of our Club will make a note of the fact, but not necessarily on the official records. I came upon a lady and gentleman wheeling leisurely along, as I was out biking, and as I was passing the latter we exchanged a pleasant word or two; then each found that the other was from the North, from Massachusetts, from Boston, and each knew Charley Lee! It was a bond that cemented friendship at once and resulted in a ten-mile ride through the Daytona vicinity, including Ridgewood Avenue, its principal thoroughfare, lined with large trees, loaded with the deep, hanging moss so wierd and graceful.

Sea Breeze, or "City Beautiful," I found to be the headquarters of the "Mental Science school," of which Mrs. C. C. Post (Helen Wilmans) and her husband are the chief exponents, and own much of the Sea Breeze property, including our hotel. They publish FREEDOM, a weekly periodical in the interest of Mental Science, and it has a world wide subscription list, including far off New Zealand and Australia.

A strange sight in the South is the multitude of buzzards, the scavengers of that country—a bird that the law protects and that, therefore, becomes very neighborly about the settlements. Hosts of more pleasing of the feathered tribe abound—mocking birds, blue jays, whippowills, jackdaws, etc., and I saw a beautiful sight upon one of my rides. By the wayside sat a lady, one of a wheeling party of five or six; her lap and hands were filled with cracker crumbs, and a piece of cracker between her teeth. Six of the handsomest of bluejays were about her—wild birds, and yet so fearless of harm that they alighted in her lap, picked the crumbs therein and from her hands, picked at the cracker between her lips, and hopped upon her jacket, her back hair, and upon the crest of her hat.

Upon the beach may be found quantities of "coquina," a diminutive clam from an eighth inch to half inch long. These, boiled, furnish a soup-like clam water which is included in the hotel menu. The coquina shells, in the course of time, form a conglomerate rock, underlying the country. This stone is used for building; old Fort Marion at St. Augustine, one of the relics of Spanish sovereignty, being of that material. The rock appears to be in layers, with water spaces between, and from these spaces or pockets is derived the aqueous supply, wind mills being largely used. Our host had two wells, one driven to the depth of fourteen feet and worked by his wind mill, and another, one hundred and sixty-five feet, which flowed constantly. The water is impregnated with sulphur, but the objectionable taste vanishes after exposure to the air. The flow of the deeper well is effected in pressure by the ebb and flow of the tide.



## THE PROGRESS BEING MADE IN THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES: NEW DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Within a few weeks New York is to have a brand new industry. The plant for the enterprise is now being installed in a west side street. The novel industry in prospect is nothing more nor less than the refining of—air!

Most persons understand something of the way in which petroleum is refined—by separating the inflammable gases and other constituents of the crude oil. Similarly, New York's new enterprise contemplates the separation of ordinary atmosphere into its constituents—oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid gas—in such a way as to make the resultant products of commercial value.

At first blush this may seem to the reader a chimerical scheme, but it is backed on the one hand by the highest scientific approval and on the other by the dollars of hardfisted capitalists. The men composing the company which has undertaken it make no boastful claims; they have no stock to sell; they have gone about the business so quietly that not until now, when their factory is nearly ready to begin operations, has any information regarding the matter come to public knowledge. Evidently they believe that there are money-making possibilities in the enterprise.

To the ordinary person the suggestion that money can be made out of the atmosphere is surprising. Air is the one commodity that always has been free to every one, and so has had no money value. But, while air itself has no marketable value, the various elements which enter into the composition of the atmosphere are bought and sold every day. Oxygen is the fuel of the calcium lights in our theatres; nitrogen is employed in the manufacture of fertilizers; carbonic acid gas has medicinal and other uses which make it valuable. But the use of all three has been restricted hitherto by the difficulty and expense of separating them. The chief advantage of the new process is that it enables this separation to be carried on rapidly and at a very low cost.

The manifold uses to which oxygen might be put have been apparent to scientists for a long time, and have awaited only a cheap form of production. It is the method of cheap production that Mr. Henry D. McDowell and his associates believe they have perfected, and which they are installing in their establishment newly completed. At the present time oxygen is made by the use of chlorate of potash and is expensive to produce. Under the new plan, according to Mr. McDowell, it can be turned out in unlimited quantities and at a very low price, as the by-product of carbonic acid gas will pay for the entire cost of manufacture.

### MANY USES FOR OXYGEN.

If this expectation is realized there is little doubt that oxygen will come into very general use. In one form or another it is the world's fuel, and its fuel value in the pure state is tremendous. We all learned in our school days that oxygen alone keeps the human engine in operation. Later on we found by experiment that if one holds a lighted match over nitrogen gas it will go out, because there is nothing to keep it burning; but that a match held over oxygen will burn the more brightly, because it has more fuel on which to feed than is afforded by unrefined air. Pure oxygen when ignited

will consume steel and other metals, and is capable of producing heat more intense than can be obtained in any other way. It is quite within the range of probability, therefore, that cheap oxygen will increase the speed of railway locomotives and ocean liners, for it will add forty per cent to the fuel value of every ton of coal. This is only one illustration of its possible usefulness, but it indicates the broad field that lies before the new commodity.

Liquid air is the intermediary which makes possible the production of oxygen on a great scale. The establishment which is now being converted into an air refinery has been in existence for several months for the manufacture of liquid air. It has a capacity of forty gallons per hour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### BOSTON'S DEATH RATE.

At this time, when medical men of the old school are crying out for laws to protect the people from Christian Scientists and other faith and magnetic healers; when a great hue and cry is made because one child died and did not have one of the old-school doctors to poison him with unnecessary food in the form of medicine; then I read in *The Traveler* of yesterday that "159 children under five years of age died in Boston the previous week. One hundred and fifty-nine children died under the medical treatment of doctors of the old school. Were the same thing to occur under the treatment of magnetic healers, Christian-Scientists, or others not of the old schools of medicine, would the city be safe from a riot? One hundred persons died last week of pneumonia. What a record for the doctors of Boston! They should hide their heads in shame, and let the people try and heal one another, for the doctors have failed, and *The Traveler* has truly said, "Death Rate is Appalling." For years I have been observing the increasing of conditions to have a plague in the city of Boston. This condition need not be if people were given work, so the necessary works would be undertaken and completed. Doctors and undertakers have been praying for the people to be sick and to die, so they might have a job to get money. The United States is to send a commission to learn how the Chinese keep their people employed; in this, if proper persons are sent, a system may be found to give doctors and undertakers an income, so that they will not pray for people to be sick and die.—*A. F. H. in Boston Traveler.*

### THE FAVOR ASKED BY THE BIRDS.

If the editor of this page will please give us a corner of this page to write to you, or, we mean, somebody will write for us, as we cannot write ourselves, we would like to ask a favor of you. We want to ask it now, for now we see the woods full of men with those things they call guns. They want to kill us. They get money for our bodies. Would you believe it! We heard a man saying that twenty thousand birds are to die in Delaware in a very short time. Now we want to ask you to try and get your mothers to stop wearing our feathers on their hats; and, girls, you please stop it too for if so many of us are shot we will all fly away and leave your trees and bushes to die, for we kill the bugs that spoil them. Your dear little friends:

The Owl, the Blackbird, the Seagull, Red Winged Blackbird and the Crow.

P. S.—We got Sidney W. Powell to write this for us.—*Ex.*

### HOME TREATMENT.

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Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scintor House, Norman Ave., Devonport, Eng., is exclusive agent for our works in Great Britain. Our British friends will please address all orders to him.

Sea Breeze is now an International money order office. Our patrons will please make all money orders payable on this place.

"Truth!" I cried, "though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood! though a whole celestial Luberland were the price of apostasy."

"The painfulest feeling is that of your own feebleness; ever as Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague, wavering capability and fixed indubitable performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence too the folly of that impossible precept, *know thyself*, till it be translated into this partially possible one, *know what thou canst work at*."

"But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net result of my workings amounted to nothing. How then could I believe in my strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating remain to me insoluble. Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain worth, such even as the most have not; or art thou the completest dullard of these modern times? Alas! the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? The speculative mystery of life grew ever more mysterious to me; neither in the practical mystery had I the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes whereby to discern my own wretchedness."

[Ed.—This was before the soul whose experiences are here recorded had found his own self-hood and learned the mastery that makes the man; it was before

he had perceived within himself the indestructible "I," that defines a man's position by placing him at the head of all things.]

"Now, when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women around me, even speaking with me were but figures. I had practically forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages I walked solitary; and—except as it was my own heart and not another's that I kept devouring—savage also as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the devil; for a hell, as I imagine, without life, though only diabolic life, were more frightful; but in our age of down pulling and disbelief the very devil has been pulled down; you cannot so much as believe in a devil. To me the universe was all void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; it was one huge, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference to grind me limb from limb. Oh! the vast, gloomy, solitary gothic, and mill of death. Why was the living banished thither, companionless, conscious?"

Ed.—There is not a thinking man in the world who does not feel more or less like the soul so graphically described by the foregoing lines from Carlyle, until he has found *himself*. In finding himself he finds his place in the universe and fences in his claim. Then he is at home in the castle of his own body, and master of his surroundings. For years and years the mystery of life hung over me like a cloud until all my feelings resembled the sorrowful autumn in their character. They were grave and dumb and filled with the prophetic chill of the coming gloomy winter.

But as I withdrew my eyes from the unreadable external of life and began to be introspective, searching within for the key that unlocks all mysteries I gradually became self-centered and strong; and this strength grew and grew until I knew that man was master, and had the moulding of external things in his own hands. Then I saw, that wandering over creation in search of peace involved the loss of self; and that with this loss the man became a mere shadow in a world of negations; and actually below the reach of law; that anything might happen to him; that there was not sufficient substance in his being to resist dissolution from a hundred different sources. I saw that this condition filled him with restless uncertainty and rendered him the sport of the very winds. But with me, all this is past. I have found repose in a knowledge of my own power, my own creativeness; each day yields me greater happiness and greater freedom from the time-honored beliefs of the world that are so hampering to true development.]

If my readers keep track of my editorial meanderings, they will recall that some time ago I announced my intention of writing something on the subject of beauty. If one's ideal could possibly enslave a mind mine would be enslaved by my devotion to beauty. It was always so; and yet my taste in beauty has turned a complete somersault since I used to fall in love with the dapper dry goods clerks on account of their pink cheeks, slim waists and No. 5 shoes. Even then—young as I was—I could not captivate any of them. They were instinctively afraid of me. Beneath my su-



perfidious admiration of them there was a substratum of what Aunt Sally called "hoss sense" somewhere in my cranium that made me critical regarding the mushy quality of their brains; and they knew it; it was in the atmosphere that surrounded me, and so—fortunately for me—they left me alone.

At this time I go deeper than the surface to search for beauty; as a rule I find more of it in what the world calls "homely" faces than in the faces it calls pretty. And actually I have seen faces whose homeliness was their beauty—like Abraham Lincoln's. His face has established a new type of beauty in my mind. And yet it was not his face that I ever looked at; it was the character his face represented. He was so honorable, so good, so true to his highest convictions. He was also more thoughtful than most men; his mind was always sending out feeling—unconscious to himself—in search of more light; then, too, he was an innocent man, and guileless. Women trusted him instinctively, and he was always their friend.

To sum up, there is no beauty to compare with that of the person whose mind has been enlarged by the free admission of truth. There is nothing contracted in such a face; nothing narrow or mean. On the other hand there is largeness; there begins to be an expression approaching the outskirts of one's ideas of eternalness; there is that in it which belittles the ordinary conception of personal beauty and renders it contemptible. The fact is, we know very little about beauty at this time; but we have advanced far enough in the destruction of our infantile ideas to know that a straight nose and a Cupid's bow mouth, with a fair, smooth skin are not the attractions that any longer draw us. Immature intelligences, unripe and unripening faces whose expression, or lack of it, betrays an inability to make any progress outside of the old grooves of thought, a dull, stolid satisfaction with their own feeble attainments—these things can never interest the thinker again.

Was it Mirabeau—I believe it was—who was called the ugliest man in France? And yet in his moments of sublime positiveness when he burst upon an audience, the splendor of his genius, his courage and his ineffable force of character so shone through him, and radiated from him that those who but a moment before had looked upon his dull outer shell, were spell-bound in the thrall of his indescribable beauty. Then he became, for the time being, the handsomest man in the Empire. The people raved over him, and no wonder, for in such hours the godhood of the man was liberated in his organism and transfigured it. This is the style of beauty I crave. I want none of the cheaper variety. I don't want to go back to the unwritten beauty of ordinary girlhood, but onward to the body that is the splendid externalization of a gloriously ripened and ever ripening intelligence. H. W.

#### MIND IS MASTER.

*"Thoughts are things." Thought transference is an established fact. The state of the body and the conditions that environ it are the result of the state of the mind. If you want your condition changed write to Helen Wilmans, Sea Breeze, Florida.*

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

#### C. F. BURGMAN IN MINNEAPOLIS.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—I am requested to advise you that the place of the lecture of Charles F. Burgman in Minneapolis, is in the Grand Army Hall on the fourth floor of the Masonic Temple at the corner of Hennepin Ave. and Sixth Street, and the time will be half past ten in the morning, and eight o'clock in the evening. It has been thought by those interested here that it would be well to announce the time and place of the meeting, in the next copy of FREEDOM, in order that persons living outside of the city, who take the paper, may be notified of the place of meeting, and given an opportunity to attend. If this meets your approval, please insert the notice accordingly. The day is Sunday the 24th of June. Yours truly,

H. H. POTTER,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

#### CAN POVERTY BE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED?

*Why not? Poverty is one form of weakness, not far removed from disease although so different.*

*Poverty is caused by the absence of self-confidence and will power; back of these is the lack of vitality; not the lack of animal force, but of intelligent force.*

*Intelligent force, self-confidence and will power can be successfully induced by one who is sufficiently established in mind control as to be able to speak the creative word with a power that never takes "No" for an answer.*

*When I first came into a knowledge of the power of mind to control matter I said to myself, if there is anything in this thought for me it must express itself in money. I am tired of being poor. Poverty is a bitter thing, and it is natural that we should desire to get away from it. I gave no thought to the fact that my position could be called sordid. I did not care how sordid it was; I wanted freedom, and no person can be free who is in the thralls of poverty.*

*I began to think along the lines that develop the qualities I have enumerated until I became like a giant in that one particular form of power. I spent years in earnest study before I felt myself so fully developed that I could impart it with certainty; but now my treatments in this line are successful; and not in a single instance have I had a complaint from a patient.*

*Persons writing for treatment must be explicit, and give their addresses carefully. Terms reasonable.*

Helen Wilmans,  
Sea Breeze, Florida.

#### THE NEW YORK TEMPLE.

Paul Tyner, writing of the first New York Temple, says, "Membership is increasing slowly. The attendance both at Wednesday and Sunday evening meetings keeps up well, and interest is spreading and deepening. A notable feature is that we have as many men as women, most metaphysical gatherings hitherto being distinctly feminine. It is most encouraging (to mention a few who are actively interested) to have such men as Hugh Pentecost, Judge Rufus B. Cowing of the Supreme Court, C. B. Fairchild, the electrical engineer, John Plunkett, Nelson B. Smith, Dr. McCallum and Eugene Del Mar.

I am preparing for an active fall campaign in the organizing of other Temples in this eastern territory.

## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Skip this; there is nothing in it. It has rained all day; that is, Florida fashion—frequent and heavy showers, showers that caused the eve spouts to run over and the mocking birds to seek shelter in the densest foliage. In fact we have been having heavy showers daily for several days, but this is the first-day it has kept it up persistently. But we make no complaint. We were beginning to need rain and were glad to see the season of showers set in. Everything grows so during the showery season, and we have been setting out many plants, and some trees, and this will give them a fine send off.

The summer folks are beginning to come too, and the cottages and the hotel on the beach, the Clarendon Inn, built last year, are beginning to fill up, mostly with people from the interior of the state, the business men and the trucksters and their families, for they bring all the children when they come, and stay as long as business, or their means will permit. They say the vegetable raisers, or trucksters, have had a good season, both as to quantity raised and prices obtained, and as that naturally means a good trade to the retail merchants in the towns around about them, we expect every cottage that can be had to be filled, and the Inn to overflow.

The Colonnades will not be open this summer. Mr. Post thought there would not be enough guests to fill both houses and preferred to close until fall, rather than take chances. He could have rented it for the summer, but did not, telling the parties that he did not think it would pay them. It is a large house, and must have a large number of guests to enable one to make any money, and the summer guest cannot afford to pay the prices that the Northern tourists can and do. Small boarding houses are needed, and would pay, when a large hotel will not.

There are two new cottages going up on the boulevard, and others in prospect. One of these is a double cottage, intended for two families, and is already engaged for three months, July, August and September, at fifty-five dollars per month. It will rent again for four or five months in the winter, and as altogether the house and lot only cost \$1,800 it is a pretty good investment. The other is a more pretentious dwelling, and is intended for residence by its owner. Of course we feel a pleasure in all these improvements and love to see the place building up.

It has cleared off, at least, temporarily, and there goes a crowd of young folks for a sail. Our new cottage fronts the river and the little wharf is just at the foot of the boulevard and in plain sight. Two or three little sail boats are moored there, and as many rowboats. Florida boys spend half their time on the river, I think, when not in school. They have rigged up a sail on a row boat, and think, I have no doubt, that they are regular old salts when it comes to managing a boat. I have hard work sometimes to keep from fearing that they will drown, but I don't suppose they will. No boy ever has been drowned here, so far as I have heard, and nearly every one of them seems to have a boat. They fish and gather oysters and "fool round" by the hour, and I suppose gain a confidence in themselves, and some knowledge of things that will be of use to them in the future, but their mothers do say that their feet are seldom dry, and their clothes never clean long at a time.

No doubt it is nice to be a boy. The youngsters had

a candy pull at one of the neighbors last night, and after telling them positively and emphatically that they were to keep out of the parlor with their candy, the grown up folks left the house. But we all heard about it this morning. They had a good time, though they thought for a long time that there was something wrong with the molasses, it was so awfully long in cooking; finally, however, it did get to be candy, and was divided out. The boys rolled theirs up into balls (it is one of the girls tells this) and never could get it pulled white, and one of them dropped his on the board sidewalk.

"Did he eat it?" I asked.

"O! yes he ate it; he said it was a little sandy but it was good all the same."

It undoubtedly is a good thing to be a boy.

It is raining again and the boating party will catch it—and mind it as little as young folks ever do mind such things—which is next to not at all.

We had our first watermelon yesterday—the gift of a neighbor. He said watermelons were late this year. Green corn we have had for some time; strawberries since March, and now blueberries are ripe, and dewberries and mulberries. Figs, where there are any trees, are in fruit a large portion of the year, but there does not appear to be many about here. I wonder if the frost that killed the orange trees in years past killed the figs also? Expect it did, for we see very few figs and I am very fond of them. There was very little frost last winter, not enough to kill the orange bloom here and we shall have a few oranges. They are about a third grown now, and look like a green black walnut. If we get no frost next winter we will have plenty of oranges the season following. The trees are growing beautifully now, the foliage dark green and shiny below and a beautiful lighter green on the new shoots. The foliage is very thick, the tops generally symmetrical, and the limbs very stiff and hard to break. If they were not they would break beneath their load when in full fruit, for they are heavy bearers; and the grape fruit; as large as four or five oranges run together, and sometimes a half dozen on a twig not larger than my little finger. Mr. Burgman has some beautiful views of grape fruit trees loaded with fruit among those he is exhibiting with his stereopticon. Don't miss the chance of seeing them if he comes your way. H. W.

## OCCULT SERIES.

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Vol. I., No. 2, Occult Series, "Men and Gods" is now ready and orders are coming in. Send in your order for eight copies (\$1.50) before the present edition is exhausted, as the sale of this edition will indicate our order for the next. This number will be the same size and style as "A Conquest of Poverty." It will contain the first half of the series of lectures delivered by C. C. Post during the winter of 1898 which created great interest, drawing people for miles around. There was a great demand for the publication of these lectures in book form at the close of the course, but was not convenient to do so at that time. The International Society has now secured the right to publish and will bring them out as a part of the Occult Series. Price postpaid, fifty cents. Address

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.



## ON THE ROAD.

BY CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

Jacksonville squared with me, while passing through to Atlanta, for poking fun at her after my first visit to Sea Breeze, nearly two years ago. Of course her somnolent citizens are entirely innocent of any conspiracy to annoy a passing stranger, who may by chance cross her boundaries—but there is the railroad. Can anyone solve the mystery why one half of a passenger's baggage is checked to the point of destination, and the other half only a part of the way, and the passenger required to literally run from pillar to post, during an interval of fifteen minutes between arrival and departure of trains; from train to baggage office, from there to baggageman and on to the train again; then when train after train leaves the depot, and no movement made to store the remainder of my "exchange baggage" into "No. 4," I returned to the baggage room about it—to be told:

"It cannot be shipped. Train leaves in half a minute."

To which I replied: You ship my luggage with this train or your company stands the consequences."

"No. 4" was stopped until my "gas tanks" got aboard. When I entered the Pullman sleeper I found that an obliging porter had taken my valise to another train, also bound for Atlanta. A telegram, however, caught it on the run and it was placed there in the baggage room awaiting my arrival on Sunday, 7.30 a. m., June 3, after an indifferent night's sleep.

That portion of Atlanta situated near the Union Depot appeared as if it had remained all night, and not been able to find its quarters up to the hour of our train's arrival. The streets were torn up badly pending repairs, and the people about them looked the worse for wear—I was startled to find upon a moment's reflection how all exterior surroundings reflected exactly my mental state, which impelled me at once to overcome both conditions.

Atlanta proper is a very attractive city, built upon gentle slopes with well paved, tree-fringed streets, handsome residences, fine hotels and energetic, bustling inhabitants.

During my sojourn here I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bostrom with their son and daughter, located at the Cooledge, a quiet and well appointed private family hotel, situated at 49-51 Houston Street. Mr. Bostrom has charge of the mechanical department of the Southern Bell Telephone Company, which has an extensive establishment located at Atlanta. In passing through their repair shops with Mr. Bostrom, I was introduced to Mr. H. A. Smith, assistant foreman, also a reader of FREEDOM and firm believer in the science.

During Sunday afternoon we had the pleasure of a call from Dr. Frank Eastman and wife and Mr. Fred Macer, and for several hours participated in a most delightful conversation related to Mental Science. Mr. Macer is a talented and highly gifted young man, and will be heard from in this growing movement. Doctor Eastman proved to be a relative of W. H. Eastman of San Francisco, an old-time acquaintance of Helen Wilmans and for more than twenty years a most intimate and personal friend of the writer. Doctor Eastman and his talented wife are thorough students of Mental Science and live consistently in accord with its teachings. I made also the pleasurable acquaintance of Mr.

J. W. Houchin, mechanical engineer, and his son J. R. Houchin, associated with his father in the same business at 128 Marietta street. Both gentlemen, stalwart Mental Scientists, rendered me very valuable assistance, when upon the arrival of my baggage at East Lake, the Chautauqua grounds, I found my stereopticon battered into a badly crippled frame-work by the baggage smasher, Mr. Houchin, who had accompanied Mr. Bostrom and myself out to the grounds, at once returned to the city with the instrument and restored it to use.

During the afternoon of Monday a very heavy thunder-storm swept over Atlanta and, precipitating a great amount of rain, caused the attendance at the Chautauqua—four miles from the city—to be small. However, we made the best of the situation for the time being, and I have arranged to lecture and exhibit upon my return under the direct auspices of the Atlanta Mental Scientists.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Julia I. Patten of the *Atlanta Saturday Review*, and was exceedingly pleased to meet a petit brunette with a sweet, musical voice and charmingly gentle nature. Mrs. Patten's associate in the publication is Mrs. Helmer, a thorough metaphysician and thoroughly devoted to the advancement of the new thought.

The Christian Scientists have here a church, a tastefully built edifice, Ionic exterior and Romanesque interior. The dome-finished interior is flooded with softest tones of mellow light during the day, and illuminated with hundreds of electric lights at night. The church and land upon which it stands, at 17 West Baker Street, are worth about \$30,000 and free from debt. The membership numbers about two hundred.

I acknowledge myself indebted for many courtesies to Mr. E. A. Bostrom. He proved a valuable friend and guide during my brief sojourn and steered me through several perplexing situations, and I shall hold him in kindest memory.

Those of our friends who expect to visit Atlanta should make a memorandum of the fact that they can find a comfortable place with Mrs. M. L. Jones, proprietor of the Cooledge, 49-51 Houston Street. They will be met there by friends of the new thought and will enjoy the comforts of a quiet home at very moderate prices.

It may interest our friends, in and near Atlanta, to know that Helen Wilmans' publications are on sale with the firm of John A. Miller, 39 Marietta Street.

## C. F. BURGMAN'S LECTURE TOUR.

The following cities will be visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman en route to and from Seattle:

Duluth, Minn. - - -	June 21	Sacramento, Cal. -	July 20-22
St. Paul, Minn. - - -	June 22	Auburn, Cal. - - -	July 23
Minneapolis, Minn. -	June 24	Grass Valley, Cal. -	July 25
Miles City, Mont. - -	June 27	Nevada City, Cal. -	July 26
Helena, Mont. - - -	June 28	Vallejo, Cal. - - -	July 30
Spokane, Wash. - - -	June 29	Stockton, Cal. - - -	Aug 1
Seattle, Wash. - - -	July 1	San Francisco, }	Aug. 3 to 10
Victoria, B. C. - - -	July 6	Oakland, }	
Tacoma, Wash. - - -	July 8	San Jose, Cal. }	
Portland, Ore. - - -	July 12	Pasadena, Cal. - -	Aug. 12
Yreka, Cal. - - -	July 16	Los Angeles, Cal. -	Aug. 14
Redding, Cal. - - -	July 18	San Diego, Cal. - -	Aug. 16

Other return dates and places will be announced later. The friends living in the cities named are requested to arrange for the delivery of at least one lecture. Description of places and people visited by Mr. C. F. Burgman will be recorded from week to week in FREEDOM.

After June 1st. all letters relating to route of travel and invitation to lecture should be addressed to C. F. Burgman, care Prof. F. M. Knox, 773 Washington Street, Seattle, Washington. After July 1st. address all such letters to C. F. Burgman, care Porter L. Bliss, 320 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

## IMMORTAL LIFE.

[William E. Towne in the Nautilus.]

Man comes into this outer world with a certain amount of life force inherited from his parents (and limited by his consciousness) which carries him along comfortably, perhaps, for a few score years, or until some severe inharmony is attracted, when the inherited life force is no longer equal to the task. The man under such circumstances accepts the race belief as to what he *ought* to do in such a case, and dies. The reason for his dying may be summed up in two words: fear and ignorance. Possibly ignorance might even be eliminated, for where courage, peace and confidence abide, ignorance is sure to give way before the positive qualities.

Fear has caused generation after generation to embrace the belief that death is the unalterable destiny of every living thing. And of course this belief has become so fixed as to make it a law for all, until such time as sufficient intelligence shall have been developed to put in action a higher law—the Law of Life. In strict truth there is no other law than the Law of Life, death being simply a *denial* of the Law.

In the past the inherited store of vitality has been accepted as the sum total of a person's resources. It never occurred to the human mind, save in rare instances, that this fund of inherited vitality could be added to and increased to any considerable extent. Each individual has thought of himself as apart and separate from all other individuals and things. This has been the logical result of that wave of force which developed self consciousness. Now the wave is *widening*, and in the light which Mental Science and kindred movements have shed abroad, the human mind is struggling to grasp the mighty thought, with its limitless impelling power, that all life is one—one law—one substance—in which we live and move and have our being?

And now it remains for man to "be born anew" into the consciousness of this oneness. When he relates himself to the Universal Life, to all that he sees, feels or hears about him, and realizes that he is a part of all that is, that the universal vibrations pulse through every atom of his being, then he is in the position to add to his inherited life forces throughout eternity if he will. He has the key to eternal life. If inharmonies arise he is safe, because he knows he is no longer dependent upon the store of life force handed down to him by his parents, but that all life is ready to back him up and reinforce him if he so desires and wills.

But listen! Before life will manifest through you, you must be ready to receive it; you must furnish a channel through which it can flow; you must grant it recognition; you must cultivate an iron-clad faith in its manifestations through you, and above all else you must guide, direct and use it as it comes to you day by day. Life exists in latency everywhere, but it does not exist for you except as you express it in practical uses. As soon as any function of the physical body is no longer used, nature begins to withdraw life from that function. Therefore, what you draw from the Universal Life must be expressed on the outer plane. From the silence of intense action (centered in the sun) the impulse of life is received; in the physical vibrations of the objective plane (centered in the earth) this impulse of life is nourished and made real to the outer man. And when

knowledge and faith are sufficiently developed, why may not this process—this vibratory play of the infinite forces—go on forever? There is no reason why eternal consciousness, without the change called death, should not be realized. Forms may change from one plane to another, but consciousness will abide forever, because based on eternal principle, with which "there is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning."

## THERAPEUTIC FASTING.

[From Now, a new paper published in San Francisco, Cal.]

[In response to my request that he give the readers of *Now* some of the results of his long fast, Milton Rathbun, of New York City, writes this letter to you, my reader. He fasted thirty-five days and attended to his business. He is an wholesale "Hay, Grain and Feed," merchant, being known among his contemporaries as "The King of the Hay Market." It is worth the careful attention of all people.]

It is conceded by physicians and laymen in general, that we consume too much food; that we are constantly overtaxing the digestive organs and that this is the cause of nearly all disease. It is a physiological fact that the brain is the seat of all the energies; that it never loses weight, either in sickness or starvation, because it has the power to absorb the body as predigested food. When those who are usually well come to understand this, continued health is assumed. When applied to the really sick how much more rapidly will they be restored to a normal condition by absolute brain rest? By indigestion or over-digestion, the condition termed sickness is prolonged. The time is coming when feeding the sick against nature, will be held in the same estimation in which we hold the lancet of one hundred years ago.

Fasting in sickness is nature's plan of conserving the creative energy. It is the same whether the disease is acute or chronic, local or general. I was not sick when I began my fast. I was convinced that by fasting I could improve my health. I realized that I was carrying superfluous tissue. It took thirty-five days to reach the stage of keen hunger; to slough off that extra adipose matter, which was both useless and detrimental. It was simply a refining process. As it continued my brain became freer, my eye brighter; my complexion clearer, my step more elastic, and the whole nervous system seemed to carol a song of joy. I found my mind more impressional. I could go through the duties of the day with the added tension of the importunities of reporters and the visits of the curious, with greater ease.

It devolved upon me to see that the brain had rest in sleep, and this I carefully attended to. My diary shows that the average sleep per night was seven and three fourth hours and when not asleep or at work I held myself in a relaxed, receptive condition. The majority of medical men are animated text-books and the profession is generally ignorant in regard to therapeutic fasting and are not anxious about learning. There are exceptions. A few regulars since my former fast a year ago have put their patients upon fasts ranging from two to five days with gratifying results. As the benefits of this course of treatment become generally known, physicians can relegate the drug case to the closet shelf, for they will only need to give good, simple, wholesome advice. MILTON RATHBUN.



## FOURTH OF JULY AT MIAMI.

The citizens of Miami and surrounding country have raised a considerable amount of money to entertain those that may visit Miami during the first week in July. The Florida East Coast Railway will put on very low rates from all of its stations and junctional points to Miami for the occasion.

Tickets will be on sale July 2nd and 3rd and will be limited to July 8th to return. Rates will be as follows:

Stations Jacksonville to St. Augustine inclusive..	\$5.00
" Hurd to Oakside inclusive.....	4.50
" Yelvington to New Smyrna inclusive...	4.00
" Hawks Park to Titusville inclusive.....	3.50
" Hardeeville to Micco inclusive.....	3.00
" Roseland to Fort Pierce inclusive.....	2.50
" White City to West Jupiter inclusive...	2.00
" West Palm Beach to Deerfield inclusive..	1.50

And one fare for the round trip from all points south of and including Fort Lauderdale.

From Palatka.....	\$4.50
" San Mateo.....	4.50
" Points on the A & W Branch.....	4.00
" Points on Titusville Branch including Sanford.....	4.00
" Key West via Steamer City of Key West..	5.00
Meals and berth extra.	

The rates from Jacksonville, Palatka and Sanford will be tendered connecting lines for basing purposes with request that low rates be made from all other points in the State.

## THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

[Thirty-ninth edition, cloth.]

We have created a demand for a more substantial edition of "The Conquest of Poverty," and have responded to the call by bringing the book out in good cloth binding, so "that it may be better preserved, and find its proper place as a standard work in every home and library."

"The Conquest of Poverty" revised, enlarged and illustrated, is now ready. It is handsomely bound in cloth and the price is one dollar, post paid. The first edition of the cloth-bound book will bear on its title page the announcement, "Thirty-sixth edition." What will the readers of FREEDOM think of this? Will they not take courage and increase their energies, in pushing the sale of a book that has carried so much happiness into the homes of poverty?

The price is double that of the paper-bound book, but it is much cheaper in the end, for it will last for a generation, while the paper-covered book is soon soiled and finds its place in the waste-paper basket.

We have in this book something profitable for the agent, for there is no book more popular than "a dollar book." Taking into consideration the large sale of this book in its cheaper form, and the reputation already gained, it will be a harvest for the agent who will devote his time to selling the cloth-bound "Conquest of Poverty." Many who have bought the paper book will be glad to purchase the cloth, with its handsome cover and illustrations.

We want one competent person in each locality who will agree to faithfully solicit for orders with this new book, and we guarantee that any one with a little experience, such as he has gained with the paper-cover, will find a good paying business.

We will protect agents in territory assigned as long as their orders indicate that they are working it.

Send in at once for terms and territory for the new book. Every agent knows the advantage of selecting his own field of labor.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,  
Sea Breeze, Florida

## MRS. BARTOW'S FAMILY PARTY.

New York, April 30.—Mrs. Sarah Bartow of New Brunswick, N. J., will celebrate on Tuesday the 104th anniversary of her birth. This evening she will sit down to a preliminary tea at which her five children, twenty grandchildren, fifty-two great grandchildren and four great great grandchildren will participate.

Mrs. Bartow comes of a long-lived stock in which is a trace of Indian blood; one of her ancestors married a brave of the tribe of the Raritan Valley. Her mother, Dorothy Hertwick, lived to be 110 years old; her sister, Mrs. Kate Taylor, 107 years. Mrs. Bartow was born in New Brunswick, May 1, 1796, not far from where she now resides; and in New Brunswick she has always lived.—Ex.

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An understanding of the basic principles which govern human life will enable the seeker of truth to arouse the latent forces of body and mind and manifest the harmonies of a higher existence.

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Diplomee in French and German (experienced in foreign travel), expecting to go to Paris and Madrid in June, would act as chaperone to visit those cities. No charge beyond actual cost of trip. Highest references given for ability and integrity. Apply to

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## THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

Have you read "The Conquest of Poverty?" If not, why not? If you are waiting for a more substantially bound book we can furnish "The Conquest of Poverty," revised, enlarged and illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth. Here is an opportunity for every one interested in Mental Science to engage in missionary work, and at the same time receive compensation that will justify the agent in taking up the work of soliciting as a regular business. Those who have earnestly devoted their time to selling "The Conquest of Poverty" in the paper cover at fifty cents can readily see to what better advantage they can handle a dollar book. The experience gained with the small book can be utilized in the sale of the cloth-bound edition. Nearly forty thousand copies of this little book have already been sold which proves the popularity of the work. These have mostly been sold by solicitors, and as far as we know it is the only paper-covered book that has ever been successfully handled through agents. If such a large sale can be reached with a work not considered as a regular subscription book, what can be done—when the same book, greatly improved and made into a popular subscription book, remains to be seen. We shall always have the paper edition. This will aid the solicitor, for if he cannot take an order for the one-dollar book he can furnish the fifty-cent edition. To the agent who will devote his whole time canvassing for a book that has become so well known and appreciated, it will be a veritable harvest. A gentleman writes: "Send me 'The Conquest of Poverty.' I have hunted in every book store in this city and cannot find it. Why don't you place your books on sale in the book stores?" Hundreds of people want the book and they want it cloth-bound, but cannot find it. A famous physician writes: "Are your works bound in cloth? 'The Conquest of Poverty' is a classic and ought to be preserved in a suitable binding." What better opportunity does an agent want than to carry the book to those who spend days in hunting for it? We are receiving in every mail applications for territory. Knowing the demand for "The Conquest of Poverty," we shall jealously guard our territory, and request those who desire to avail themselves of the rare chance now presented—for not one book in a hundred becomes popular enough to be profitable to the agent—to send in at once and secure the territory desired, stating definitely what county they would like to have set apart for their special benefit. Canvassing is a science and must be conducted on lines which experience has proved successful. For the regular canvasser, the county plan produces the greatest results. We have had many years' experience in canvassing, and have sold all kinds of books, and are prepared to give instructions covering the best plans for successful work.

We recommend the county plan. Send in your choice of county, and we will send you terms and full instructions how to make a success of selling a dollar book. While our mission is philanthropic, experience has taught us that unless some plan can be devised to

support the canvasser in the field—and "the laborer is worthy of his hire"—we shall fail in reaching the masses. Experience has also taught us that the best method of giving every individual an opportunity of purchasing a book is with a thorough organization, and a systematic canvass by well trained agents.

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A Search for Freedom, Helen Wilmans. Cloth.....	1.50

The titles of the above books indicate their character, except the one called "A Blossom of the Century," this is a Mental Science book and really should be called "Immortality in the Flesh." It is a powerful appeal to reason and in substantiation of the belief that man can conquer death here on earth.

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Desiring to give every one an opportunity to obtain the Lessons without inflicting hardships upon any, we offered to sell them for sixty days for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per month. This offer has met with such general satisfaction, and as our desire is for the greatest good to the greatest number, we have decided to continue the offer until further notice.

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The knowledge of the life principle which is unfolded in these lessons is nothing less than the law of all organization, of all growth, to understand which puts a man in a position of unrivaled power with regard to his own body and his surroundings. With the understanding of this law there will be no more weakness of any kind; no more fear or anxiety or despondency; no more

failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness. Careful study will enable any one to master Mental Science through these lessons. They should be in every home in the world. Thousands of letters like the following have been received:

[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

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Please send to my address below, one complete set of the "Wilmans Home Course in Mental Science" (20 lessons) price \$5.00. Inclosed find one dollar on account. I hereby agree to pay the balance of \$4.00 at the rate of one dollar per month, beginning one month from date of receipt of the lessons. The title to the lessons to remain in you until entirely paid for.

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What more does an agent want than a book that has reached the sale of nearly forty thousand in paper covers, with people hunting the book stores in search of it, brought out as a regular subscription book, illustrated and sold at a popular price? It is an opportunity that the agent will not fail to grasp. Select your county and send in for terms and full instructions, "How to work a county successfully."

If you are so situated that you cannot engage in this work, please pass this over to some friend who may be looking for pleasant and profitable employment.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze, Fla.

GENTLEMEN:

Please reserve for me the county of \_\_\_\_\_

State of \_\_\_\_\_ I hereby agree to thoroughly work the above mentioned territory for THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY within a reasonable time, at the regular commission of 40 per cent. Please find enclosed 60 cents for sample copy of THE CONQUEST OF POVERTY cloth-bound, and "How to work a county successfully."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill out this blank and mail to us. We will co-operate with you and success is assured.

## TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. The potency of right thinking has never been measured. *There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, and so positive to the lower conditions wherein disease and misfortune and inharmony lurk, that there is nothing too great to expect from a contact with it.* This is true to such an extent that the very elite of the world's thinkers are putting their strongest faith in it, and advocating its efficacy above all other systems of healing. I give a list of a few out of the thousands cured by the mental method:

Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control, my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better than for years." He had consumption.

M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. L., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

H. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have undergone a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my will power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

J. K., 19th St., West Chicago, Ill.: "There is nothing to compare with this mental treatment in its ability to heal; it draws on the fountain of vital power within the patient and supplies every part of the body with new vigor."

Mrs. M. K., Hays, Kan., writes: "My life was worthless. I was so wretched all over, both mentally and physically, I wanted to die. But now what a change! I will not take up your time in description. I will say this, however: Five years ago I was an old woman. To-day I am young, not only in feeling but also in looks, and my health is splendid. For all this I am indebted to you and Mental Science."

D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Fla.

## WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

Would you rather come here to be healed, or taught, or both, than to have me give you absent treatment or to teach you by correspondence?

Some people want to be healed simply; they do not care to study the science. Others wish to study the science, who have no need of being healed. Others still want to learn the science while being treated for some disease or weakness. I have now made arrangements to accommodate all who want to come here for either or both purposes, and these arrangements are going to prove very satisfactory, and even lovely. I would not offer to bring people here, if I did not know that I could content them perfectly. You all are aware that I heal my patients in their own homes, and that I never have so many at one time as to neglect any one of them. I read every letter that comes from them, and either answer personally or instruct my clerks so carefully as to be about the same as if I did answer personally. I have but three clerks, and they are all thorough Mental Scientists, whose connection with my business adds to my power, and helps to form the battery that has given me my reputation as a healer.

Should patients and students come during the summer months, or in the early fall, they will find board much cheaper than it is in the winter, and the climate is quite as lovely—indeed, I think more so than in the winter months. In writing this I am only answering what seems to be a constantly increasing demand. I have always received letters from people who wished to come, and, except in a few instances, I have refused to have them do so; in several instances I have found it impossible to keep them away; they have come in spite of my refusal. This has been the case to such a degree recently that I thought it would be best to let as many come as wished to. Write to me on the subject. Address

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